

PR
6015
H3673A17
1905

A
0
0
0
8
6
0
8
8
2
0



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

C. V. P. S.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES







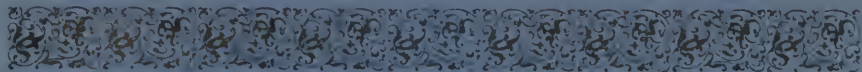


POEMS

BY

W^M. + HELLIWELL.

(ALTON BROOK.)



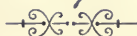
POEMS

BY

W^M. HELLIWELL

(ALTON BROOK.)

*this book is the property of
The Calder Valley Poets' Society.*

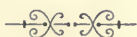


*Established at Breetland
Sep^r 11th 1915.*

PRICE ONE SHILLING

THE PROFITS TO BE DEVOTED TO THE NEW
PRIMITIVE METHODIST "Fox Memorial Church,"

STARKHOLMES, MATLOCK.



MATLOCK BRIDGE:

H. Roberts, Printer and Bookbinder, Crown Square.

1905.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

PR
6015
H3673A17
1905



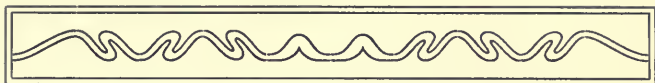
MR. JAMES HELLIWELL.

TO MY MOTHER,
TO WHOSE CONCENTRATED THOUGHT,
AND UNFAILING CARE I OWE MUCH,
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

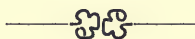


MRS. HELLIWELL.

861806



Introduction.



AFTER repeated requests on the part of relatives and friends, I have at length consented to send out my untried thought children into the world. Had the thought of personal gain been manifest in the desire to publish these poems, my fancy would have kept her offspring in nursery for many years more. But the time to do good is here, and now,—so now that opportunity has come my way, I hesitate not in detaining him to advantage.

All the pieces in this collection are arranged in order of time composed, rather than any sequence of thought suggested. I have, wherever possible, kept to the original text. It has been advisable, however, to rearrange lines and perfect expression,—in parts to secure a more flowing rhythm. Perhaps some dialectical expressions may appear crude to the uninitiated, and unfittingly wedded to

verse, but I would have these remember that the dialect of Lancashire is very dear to my native villagers. Without the distinctive dialect of each particular district, Lancashire life would seem very commonplace indeed.

The "Voices from the Distance" cheered many lonely hours, and transformed what would otherwise have been a really commonplace childhood into a realm of beauty. My heart overflows with thankfulness when I muse on the childhood days. Over these the tender sprite of poesy shed her hazy light, stirring my imaginative thought, and investing the secluded Home Woods around Brown Birks with the halo of romance, until they became a kind of treasure-temple where I wandered at will. Here, although the mills were droning, like lazy bees, round the bend of the hill, one could fancy, when reeling on a bed of ferns or mosses, that they were miles away from the rush of business, for the calm was undisturbed by the whirring of wheels.

These poems are partly a result of that woodland communion, and whether human nature be the same everywhere or no, certain it is that laws of thought are the same, so what has proved a help to my life may become a source of joy and comfort to other souls.

Perchance some song in these pages will awaken a responsive echo in another heart, whose life-music shall be more perfectly rendered, bringing Humanity more into tune with the Infinite, that they may one day herald earth's most glorious dawn.

If one eye brightens at the sound of my song; if one sad heart is made lighter; one wrong righted; or should it be that through the influence of this book one soul is lifted nearer the Divine,—then I shall not have laboured in vain. I also dare, through the merits of One who conquered, to hope for a name and place in another Book,—the Lamb's Great Book of Life.

For the many deficiencies which are only too prominent, for the thoughts which reveal a lamentable lack of discipline, and for all imperfect expression of heart-desire,—I plead lack of time

for study and revision. These stray thoughts have been collected in the brief intervals of a busy life. Up to the age of twenty I do not remember a week of continuous relaxation, and if the mind impressions received were swift, they were likewise fleeting, which necessitated the memorising of compositions during their construction. So complete was this system of memory training, that I can repeat the entire collection of poems in this volume from memory.

If anything of literary worth be embodied in this work, I am thankful to know that the first public acknowledgment of "my birthright" finds it a consecrated one. Three years of happy, useful service have been granted to me in Matlock, and it seems very fitting that I should thus remember the many favours and friends which have been accorded me.

To all those home-friends and relatives, who, by word or action, encouraged me in the early days, my grateful thanks are due; their kindness remains with me a cherished memory. Also to Mr. Farrow, of Todmorden, whose beautiful home life and manly society stimulated me to greater effort and heightened my ideal of life. I would also mention my friend, A. McCandlish, of Oldtown, Hebden Bridge, who greatly influenced early thought, and gave me my first lessons in composition.

To the Brook family; to the Ingham family; and to all who contribute to the success, or help in the circulation, of this volume, I likewise tender my hearty thanks.

WM. HELLIWELL.

MATLOCK,
JUNE, 1905.



*N.B.—The Photos kindly supplied by Mr. E. Clapham,
Todmorden.*



WM. HELLIWELL.



First Part.



Voices from the Distance.

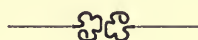
Written between the ages of
12 and 16 years.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT, AT 12 YEARS.

WRITTEN ON A SCHOOL SLATE:

MEMORISED AND CORRECTED UPON REACHING HOME.



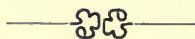
To the Duke & Duchess of York.

① HAPPY Prince, may all thy grace
 Shine ever on this happy place.
 God grant that we, in future days,
 May always look on thee with praise.

And for our Princess May of Teck
 We'll ever stand upon the deck;
 We'll never falter by the way
 To give our thanks to Princess May.

If e'er on England's throne thou stands
 Hold judgment in thy mighty hands;
 Remember England's kings and queens,
 And copy their best if e'er thou reigns.

Thy life be full of glorious deeds,
 Thy subjects give what most they need,
 Thy men be steadfast in war's time,
 And with God's light their hearts enshrine.



Winter.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 And the bare trees stately stand.
 Snow doth lie upon the ground,
 And the tempest whistles round.

Men and women hurry past,
 To their homes, out of the blast;
 While orphans, overcome by tears,
 Try to drive away their fears.

Christmas now will soon be here
 Tolling the knell of the fading year,
 Leaving behind our sorrows and cares,
 All our burdens and our woes.

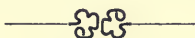
Santa Claus will come with toys
 For our little girls and boys,
 Will fill their stockings from toe-tips
 With sweets and dollies, tops and whips.

Will make the children happier still,
 By letting them do as they will ;
 I hope they'll give to other boys,
 Who share none of their Christmas joys.

For there will be some homes without
 The pleasures I have sung about,
 Where children cry and sigh for bread,
 While mothers cannot get them fed.

Through drunken fathers who come home
 And tell them ne'er again to come
 Within their sight, in vain they plead,
 To cries and tears drink takes no heed.

Now, children, hear, this lesson take
 And try some thankful hearts to make ;
 For where you be, on land or sea,
 Kind hearts will make you brave and free.



Song on "Brownbirks,"

(RESIDENCE OF THE AUTHOR, PORTSMOUTH, LANCASHIRE.)

THEY may talk about Blackpool,—its wonderful tower,
 Telling how many people go there in a hour,
 If I but a day in the country may be,
 They may stay with their sea-breeze till doomsday for me.

It beats me how people can stroll down the street
 And wear all the shoes that they have off their feet,
 When out in the fields, where the cuckoo doth call,
 They may walk for a week and not wear them at all.

Now we are determined that this shall not be,
 And that folks shall be able the country to see ;
 At Brownbirks I think we can satisfy all,
 Both in body and mind, who will give us a call.

Here, acres of woodland stretch down through the glen,
 Their beauty unpictured by pencil or pen,
 Whilst thousands of songsters are perched on the trees
 As they sway to and fro in the warm summer breeze.

The hyacinths bloom by the side of the rill,
 Which murmurs a song as it flows down the hill;
 The stream with its falls brings a scene to the eyes,
 That rivals in beauty the blue of the skies.

You may stand on the hill when the sky is all clear,
 And the lark soaring high leaves a song in your ear,
 When you view Stoodley Pike and the mountains around,
 You will say that no finer resort can be found.

So you who are longing for green fields and flowers,
 Just come up to Brownbirks to spend a few hours;
 You'll be so elated, and feel so inspired,
 You'll write sonnets and songs till your system is tired.

But I must desist, or perhaps I may find
 I have fully exhausted the powers of my mind;
 Accept of my song and if you would befriend,
 Just visit Brownbirks ere your holidays end.



SHORE BAPTIST CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.



INTERIOR OF SHORE BAPTIST CHURCH.

“Eaur Chapel.”

VERSES WRITTEN AT 15, AND PRINTED IN THE WEEKLY
PERIODICAL, PREVIOUS TO THE SATURDAY ON WHICH
THE CHAPEL NAMED WAS RE-OPENED.

Aw connot praitch a sarmon,
Or talk i' splendid style,
But want ta call attenshun
Fur just a little while :
Aw haven't been ta colledge,
Aw'll tell yo' fur a start ;
But if yo'll owerlook mistakes
Aw'll try ta do my part.

We'n gitten a new organ
 At t' chapel up at t' Shooar,
 Aw have noa deaut yo'n all yerd
 That piece o' news befooar;
 We'n had th' owd place be'leeted,
 An' peynted aw' t' wey throo',
 An' 'twill look nice an' cosy
 When th' organ's finished too.

We'n gitten new umbrella stands
 An' oilcloth all deaun th' 'ile,
 Aw wish yo cud but see it neauw,
 Aw'm sure t'woould make yo' smile;
 They'n dun ther wark soa careful,
 They'n made it luk reight grand;
 It cudd'nt ha' bin nicer—if
 A prince had tried his hand.

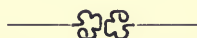
But wark, yo know, meons money,
 It's that we want ta get;
 We shuddn't neaw be begging, if
 We'd t' brass aw' theear, aw'l bet,
 We'n had yon 'ere harmonium
 For ovver forty yer,
 And now when th' organ's taen its place,
 We're beaund to make a stir.

We're havin' a recital,
 Next Setterday, at three
 Aw hooap you come i' theausands
 Eaur organ fur ta see,
 Yo'n noa need ta be greedy,
 Just give us all yo'n got,
 A shilling or a huntherd peauud,
 It'll all ceaunt up in th' lot.

Yo' munnut tak' noa noatice
 At t' tale what's gotten eaut,
 Abeaut a pig what chaunced to dee
 At t' farmer's reawndabeawt;
 They sed it ligged it deawn an' deed
 Wi' yerrin' th' organ pley;
 Ay fooak! if aw belanged that pig
 Aw'd fairly make 'em pay.

There's some at t' fooak abeawt us
 Does nowt but skit and scorn,
 But then,—they'n dun just t' same befooar,—
 We'st laff at 'em ta morn;
 They're nobbut mad becos ther oan
 Is net as nice as t' Shooar,
 They'n set ther tales eawt just for spite—
 Aw'm pleased to tell 'em soa.

An' neaw, I think aw've nearly dun,
 Aw've nowt na mooar to sey
 But ax yoa all to help us, fur
 We'n lots o' brass ta pey;
 An' if yoa han a peawnd or two
 For which yo' aren't i' teaw,
 Just send it up fur th' organ fund,
 Aw'll thank yo' for it neaw.



In Memory

OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION.

SHE has gone from her home, and behind we are left,
 From her presence on earth we're forever bereft.
 Her patient young face we shall ne'er see again,
 For she's now been released from all suff'ring and pain.

She pillowed her head on her dear mother's breast,
 And closing her eyes she sank softly to rest.
 She was kind to her parents, obedient, and good,
 But the promising life, was nipped in the bud.

But though in the cold, silent grave she'll be laid,
 The soul will return to the Maker who made,
 And there she will dwell, with the white-robed throng,
 Praising her Maker with angelic song.

Weep not, gentle mother, her suff'rings are o'er,
 We shall meet her again on that heavenly shore,
 And in our Lord's presence, we all shall be blest,
 Where the wicked cease troubling, and weary ones rest.

In Memory

*OF AN OLD FRIEND, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 80 YEARS,
THE LATTER 5 OF WHICH SHE WAS BLIND.*

HE has left us alone, but we will not deplore her,
For she's left this fair home for a fairer above,
The Angel of Death in His Glory stood o'er her
And bore her away to the mansions of love.

We watched by her side as the Death Guest came creeping,
And bore her away in the lone silent night,
For she passed from this world while peacefully sleeping
To waken at morn in the regions of light.

Her sufferings are o'er and she's gone to her rest,
She was loving and patient through trial and pain;
Her spirit has fled to the land of the blest,
And now with her Saviour in glory she'll reign.

We are lone in the morning, we miss her at eve,
We seek her when daylight returns to our door;
Yet it pleased the Good Shepherd our souls to bereave,
And we'll meet her again on that heavenly shore.

There death cannot enter, no tears will she shed,
Her toils they are past and her labours are done,
She fought the good fight, and arose from the dead,
The Jordan she passed and the victory won.

Oh, may we prepare to meet those who are gone,
Who are waiting for us on that heavenly shore,
May our Saviour in mercy lead us all on
Till we meet in that land to be parted no more.

Home.

WHAT though the gruesome winds blow chill
 Across the dreary moor,
 And toss the weary workman till
 He reach his cottage door ;
 What cares he then for wind or rain,
 What cares he for the storm,
 He knows there's peace and quietude in
 His little, humble home.

Ah ! see, he smiles, his features worn
 Light up, dispelling strife,
 For standing at the cottage door
 He sees his winsome wife,
 And holding by her graceful form
 Appears a handsome boy,
 While in her arms she holds the babe,
 Their last and sweetest joy.

Now two expectant faces beam,
 And meet him all aglow
 With clustering golden curls upon
 Their sweet and gentle brow ;
 With wistful eye and joyous shout
 They scamper down the lane,
 Their father knows they both are glad
 To see him home again.

The greetings o'er, he leads them in,
 There tea awaits them all ;
 Before partaking of the meal
 They for a blessing call,
 With bowed head they thank the Lord
 For this their rustic fare,
 And ask that he will guide them in
 The paths of peace and prayer.

The supper o'er, then from the shelf
 The good old book comes down,
 And on the father's knee 'tis held,
 It's truth he loves to own ;
 The children, when their prayers are said,
 Their parents bid good-night,
 And lapse into a happy sleep,
 To wake at morning light.

The morning light breaks through at last,
 But finds the father gone,
 He's gone to earn his loved ones bread
 For them to live upon;
 But with a happy heart he trudged
 Across the lonesome moor,
 He knows his Nell and children will
 Await him when it's o'er.

O, happy man! O, guileless wife,
 With whom such love is found,
 It gilds their eot with hallowed light,
 It makes the heart rebound;
 And though he toils from morn till eve,
 And though the world revile,
 His worldly cares disperse like dew
 In the sunshine of her smile.

No lordling in his palaces
 Has better love than this,
 It fills the downeast soul with hope
 And points to endless bliss;
 The world may seoff and seorn at love,
 Which in a cottage lies,
 But earth can offer naught so sweet,
 And love will make us wise.

When all around's serenely fair,
 When the moon shines calm and bright,
 Casting its shadow on the pair
 Who stroll about at night;
 'Tis then the workman and his wife
 With pleasure view the scene,
 And oft unto their minds recall
 What they two once had been.

Oh, may this blessed love be found
 By every cottage hearth,
 And may the souls be ever blest
 Who give this love its birth;
 May they on life's dark pathway be
 As stars that shine above,
 And find a rest beyond the skies,
 A home of peace and love.

The Harvest Moon.

THE harvest moon! the harvest moon,
 'Twill be the time for harvest soon;
 Resplendent in her brightness, see,—
 Look how she shines on every tree.
 Soon will the sheaves of golden grain
 Be gathered in from sun and rain,
 No more to know the sunshine shower,
 For from the corn will come the flour.

The summer's going, the lovely scene
 Will soon be stripped of all its green;
 The orchards all will be made bare,
 Their fruit stowed well away with care.
 The birds that sing so sweet by day
 To foreign lands will fly away,
 And our one solitary guest
 Will have a little blood-red breast.

Look at the moon! see her light fall
 Upon the ivy-mantled wall
 Of that grey-looking old church tower,
 Which tells the tale of fleeting hour,
 The red light graces hill and dale,
 It cheers the prisoner in the jail;
 While on the cornfields ripening fast
 A gentle beam of light is cast.

The harvester will love the light
 That shines upon his corn at night,
 He sees a hope of harvest born,
 He sees the ears of ripening corn.
 And when the reapers glad and gay
 Enter the harvest field, he'll say—
 Come, bind the sheaves, work with a will—
 And thank our God, who careth still.

The Last Day of Summer.

'T WAS the last day of summer,
 I stood on the hill
 Looking over the village
 So peacefully still,
 The warm sun shone out brightly
 And all was serene,
 Who but God could have made such
 A beautiful scene.

Not a sound broke the stillness
 Save songs from the birds
 As around and above me
 Their voices I heard.
 And the shouts of the children
 All merry at play,—
 In the meadow below me
 This beautiful day.

Ah! I looked on the meadows
 Where sweet daisies grow,
 And the graceful young ferns with
 Their heads bending low.
 And I knew tho' the summer
 Was passing away,
 I was longing to keep her
 For ever and aye.

But the sun in his splendour
 Went down in the west,
 The while, all things around were
 Retiring to rest,
 The grey shadows came stealing
 Across the blue sky,
 And,— as Summer departed,
 She whispered, Good bye!

Adoration.

(A Sabbath Meditation).

THE cuckoo is calling,
 The trees they grow green,
 And high in their branches
 The birds too are seen.
 The snowdrops are faded,
 But daffodils bloom,
 And I stand, inhaling
 Their wealth of perfume.

The meadows are teeming
 With daisies so bright,
 Which shut up at even
 And ope' with the light,
 The lambs in the field look
 So merrily gay,
 They seem to have nothing
 To do but to play.

The earth seems so holy
 This sweet sabbath day,
 I look on the fields, on
 The lambs as they play
 Like psalms in the distance
 The cuckoo's sweet call
 Floats through the fair stillness
 Which settles o'er all.

Sweet springtime, I love thee,
 Thy promises cheer,
 Thy fragrances fill me
 With thoughts I hold dear,
 For earth is now donning
 Her mantle of green,
 And flowers are peeping
 Where buds have been seen

Wild violets are opening
 Their tender blue eyes,
 The wee, modest primrose
 Looks up, t'ward the skies,
 All nature seems lovely
 And warm sunbeams fall
 On birds singing praises
 To Him who gives all.

The songs of the birds are
 The sweetest on earth,
 They call us from sorrow
 To join them in mirth,
 And while they are singing
 With heavenly voice
 'Mid flowers upspringing,
 I hear and rejoice.

The lark soars above me,
 I hear the sweet song
 She sings to her Maker,
 Nor thinks the day long,
 I watch her with gladness
 For glad is the day,
 Yet strains of deep sadness
 Drive joy all away.

For springtime will go and
 The birds fly away,
 The flowers will fade, though
 So lovely in May;
 And cold winds will hustle
 Around our small cot,
 While we shall be thinking
 How sad is our lot.

Away! murmuring thoughts,
 I look on the trees,
 How graceful they seem as
 They sway in the breeze,
 The fern-fronds unfold 'neath
 The shade of the yew,
 I look on with wonder,
 For all things seem new.

So gladly I list to
 The hum of the bee,
 And bless Him who made all
 The beauties we see.
 As with o'erflowing heart
 I kneel on the sod,
 Adoring the Maker,
 My Bountiful God.

A Visit to Stonehouse.

I've been on a visit to Stonehouse to-day,
 That old-fashioned farm there, just over the way ;
 I went up the hill with a friend to the house
 And asked for the good old man and his spouse ;
 They were not at home, so we lingered in quest
 And went and sat down in the field for a rest,
 We spoke of the Farm, and the crops they gained here,
 Till the heads of the people we sought did appear.
 We made ourselves known, conversed a good while,
 Then said "Good Afternoon," with a nod and a smile,
 But they soon called us back, and asked us to stay
 And go with them in, to a warm cup o' tay.

Of course we went in, and some pictures we saw
 With a pair of good clocks, both old fashioned, you know ;
 While there, in the window, were trees in full bloom,
 And all looked so cosy inside this large room,
 Some more friends were chatting together in glee
 And the goodwife was busy preparing the tea,
 Then, when all was ready, she asked us to come
 And partake of her fare with a "good sup of rum,"
 Of course I refused, and my friend did so too,
 But we went through a series of "please" and "thank you,"
 Then our host returned thanks. We again strolled outside,
 Rambling over the meadows, so hilly and wide.

At the base of the hill the canal flowed along,
 The surging lock waters were sounding in song.
 Birds carolled their sweetest, we thrilled with delight,
 And revered all nature that sweet sabbath night.
 Then, gathering some flowers, we returned from our walk
 And good-nights were exchanged with a little more talk.
 And I long shall remember my visit that day,
 To the old-fashioned farm which you'll find Walsden way.
 Yes, my heart shall be glad for my visit that day,
 Though the flowers lie faded, tho' houses decay,
 I'll think of it often in seasons to come,
 Till I'm called from this earth to that Heavenly Home.

When the pitcher—unused—by the earth-fountains fair
 Will lie; for the ransomed God's bounty shall share,
 All sorrow is ended when sin is no more,
 (We shall live a new life on the glorified shore.)
 With what rapture we'll join in the chorus above,
 And sing of God's might in abodes of His Love.

The Drunkard's Child.

1st Part, "Chance."

WEARY, lone and hungry, he stands in the village street,
No cap is on that little head, no shoes protect those feet,
But there he is, without a friend, save God, as guide and stay,
For father is a drunkard and the mother's gone away.

She passed away at midnight, as peaceful as a child,
While round their little dwelling-place the storm was raging wild,
And as her son, with tearful eyes, beside her pillow stood
She softly whispered in his ear, "Tell father to be good."

How he ponders o'er these words, as there he stands outside,
Though two long years have passed away since his dear mother
died;
But friendship's chain is broken, has been severed, link by link,
And father has been unkind to him e'er since he took to drink.

With loving eyes he views the place where he may dwell no more,
For father, in a drunken row, has turned him from the door.
Oh God! why do men drink? the angels note both prayer and sigh
As he, with sorrowing heart, repairs to mother's grave, near by.

What visionary thoughts arise! When, at the churchyard gates
He lingers for a moment, to go he hesitates,
Then, with an agonising cry, he runs to mother's grave,
For there he sees a heavenly form, in robe of white arrayed.

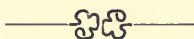
He stretches out his arms, and cries, Oh mother, take me home,
But echoing voices mock his grief, the child is still alone;
He falls unconscious to the ground and lies with upturned face,
While snowflakes kiss the silent lips, as there they end the chase.

Not far from where his child is laid, the drunkard sinks to rest,
But soon the voice of conscience speaks within that troubled breast,
With beating heart and quivering limb, he opens wide the door,
He thinks to go and find the child,—on earth they'll meet no more.

For God, who knoweth what is best, He doth not will it so,
The drunkard sinks upon his knees, and says in whispers low—
O Saviour of my darling wife, forgive me for my sin,
Give me the rest of which she spoke—the rest You died to win.

The snow has now ceased falling, the moon is shining bright,
 The beauteous Christmas carols ring out through the silent night,
 The pale moon sheds her light on a child, so still and fair,
 He lies upon a lonely grave, yet no one seems to care.

There on the threshold of his home, the father, too, is laid
 His soul has gone to meet its God, his ransom has been paid,
 A smile is wreathed around those lips, the face is full of peace,
 For he has gained that home of rest, where all our wanderings
 cease.



The Drunkard's Child.

2nd Part, "Providence."

THE morning dawns, 'tis Christmas Day, and all is bright and
 clear,
 The Christmas bells are pealing out glad news from far and near,
 When up the lane a lady comes, in deepest mourning clad,
 For just a year ago to-day she lost her little lad.

His eyes were of an azure blue, he loved the fields and flowers,
 And out in Nature's palace halls were spent his happiest hours;
 He loved to see the fronded ferns and all that God hath made,
 But when the autumn came again, this flower began to fade.

Then as he lay, with tired head and fevered pulse beat high,
 He said, in broken accents, "Tell sister not to cry,
 But meet me up in heaven above, where all is peace and rest;
 I know I love this home on earth, but still *I love that best.*"

The eyelids drooped, the tired head sank on its mother's breast,
 And in the quiet churchyard there, they laid him down to rest;
 Yet, though his mother knows he's gone where there is no more
 pain,
 She'd part with all her glittering gems to see him once again.

With quickened step she crosses o'er to where her darling lies
 And kneeling down beside his grave looks upward to the skies,
 Praying to Him, who heareth all, for grace to guide her through,
 And always strive while here on earth her Master's will to do.

Strengthened, she turns to leave the spot, but see,—her eyes grow bright,
 That angel face, at times so sad, glows now with beauteous light,
 For there beside her darling's grave, a boy's still form she sees,
 Although she fears his tender soul has found a glad release.

She places one white trembling hand upon his ice-cold brow,
 And pushes back the golden curls which lie upon it now,
 He just seems like her own dear boy, as on the ground he lies,
 But—she has left her child with God,—the God, all-good and wise.

Her eyes grow dim, she says aloud, still gazing on his face,
 Perhaps God sent this little one to fill my loved one's place;
 I cannot leave a friendless child to die when all alone,
 And taking him into her arms, she hurries to her home.

The lad to consciousness returns and sees a lady fair,
 Who now bends o'er his pillow with a mother's love and care,
 While at her side a maiden stands, who smiles into his face,
 For mother's told her that he's come, to fill her brother's place.

He gazes round, and feebly cries, "How came I to be here?"
 Then, swift remembering his woe, those wan cheeks pale with fear;
 But cool soft hands upon his brow, and soothing words, bring calm,
 And the mother tells the story, how God kept His child from harm.

As she tells of all her kindness to a poor forsaken boy,
 His sorrows they are all forgot and melt in tears of joy,
 And though she knows naught of him, yet she loves him more and
 more,
 Her heart is full of thankfulness, her cup of joy runs o'er.

She listens to his tale of grief, and tears be-dim her eyes,
 Falling upon the pillow where the little orphan lies;
 He sees the love-light shining clear, her heart is surely won,
 For now he reigns at Dunville Hall, as her adopted son.

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these *my little ones*,
 ye do it unto me."—*Christ Jesus.*

Use Right your Hours.

WHEN somebody asks you
 To do them some work
 Don't tell them you will not,
 Nor yet the task shirk,
 Ne'er begin to be lazy,
 Most likely you may
 Repent if you do so
 At some future day.

Take all the work easy
 Which comes as your part,
 Do all without grumbling
 And with a light heart,
 When someone is added
 And needing just you,
 Go to them, with thoughts of
 The good you may do.

When clouds come about and
 You cannot get out,
 Fight on through the darkest,
 Do not grope about,
 God's ways are mysterious,
 His paths you must heed,
 To Him take your troubles
 He helps those in need.

March manfully on in
 Your warfare for God,
 Choosing only the paths
 The bravest have trod,
 Through sunshine and shade may
 Your loftiest powers
 Be pressed into service
 To use right your hours.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”—
Bible Proverb.



Second Part.



Helps by the Way.

Written before the age of
20 years.



The Gift.

I CAME with jewels rich and rare,
 And cast them at His feet;
 The Master gazed on me and smiled
 A soft, sad smile, and sweet:
 "No jewels do I need," said He,
 "To deck my thorn-crowned brow,
 Go seek the gift I ask of thee—
 I may not tell thee how."
 I left the presence of my Lord the King,
 And went to seek the gift He bade me bring.

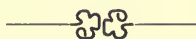
I came with gold and silver stored
 In caskets, rare and old,
 The Master met me in the way,
 His glance was stern and cold:
 "Think'st thou I care for earthly dross?
 Unfruitful is thy task,
 Turn thee, for I refuse Thy gift,
 Go, bear me what I ask!"
 I left in tears the presence of the King,
 And went to seek the gift He bade me bring.

I came with worldly honours crowned,
 The scion of the day
 E'en kings had bent to kiss my robe,
 What would my Master say?
 He came, with stately step and slow,
 With sad and tearful eye,
 He bowed, in mock humility,
 And quickly passed me by:
 I fled in shame from He who was my King,
 I knew 'twas not the gift He'd have me bring.

I turned me to the world again,
 And saw the poor abused,
 I gave to helpless ones the gold
 My Master had refused;
 Then hastened I, with heart aglow,
 To tell my tale again:
 He heard me with a softened look,
 But, ah! His look was pain:
 "Thy duty is to work for Me, thy King,
 Thy deeds are not the gifts I'd have thee bring."

Then knelt I at my master's feet,
 What shall I give to Thee ?
 Behold ! I kneel and give myself,
 Wilt thou accept of me ?
 I give my life with all its powers,
 My heart is all Thine own—
 And suddenly I heard a voice,
 The sweetest I had known :
 "Child, be at peace—I am thy Lord and King,
 I thank thee for the gift I bade thee bring."

"What care I for a worldly store,
 Ambition's dearest hell ?
 Thy deeds are worthless unto me,
 Without thy heart as well ;
 And ever as the years roll on,
 As hearts my Kingship own,
 Each heart is my abiding place,
 Each life my Royal Throne."
 I dwelt in unison with God the King,
 For I had brought the gift He bade me bring.



The Friends.

I SAW two boys with wavy hair,
 In the first flush of youth,
 Their faces innocent and fair,
 With eyes that spake of truth ;
 They paced the walk with arms entwined,
 And talked of what was in their mind.

I'll be a gentleman, the one
 In youthful rapture cried,
 With country house and pheasant run,
 A chestnut horse I'll ride ;
 The other fondly shook his head,
 I could not live for that, he said.

But you shall be my bosom friend,
 The boy went on in glee,
 And all to us the knee shall bend,—
 Now think what that would be ;
 Again the other shook his head
 That were a selfish life, he said.

I saw two forms in manhood's prime
 Leave-taking by the shore,
 One sailed away to distant clime
 A-seeking precious ore,
 The other sighed, then turned away ;
 God keep him safe, I heard him say.

He laboured in the country town
 Till he was youth no more,
 Till silver curls joined with the brown
 Admired and loved of yore ;
 By day he toiled, at night he prayed
 For him who fortune's smile obeyed.

And everyone respected him,
 And welcomed with a smile
 Those once bright eyes, now growing dim,
 Yet free withal from guile ;
 They asked him why he shook his head,
 I live for love, was all he said.

And so he did, the poor, the faint
 He helped along life's road,
 And none e'er came with sad complaint
 But went with lighter load ;
 And he was loved, and he was blest,
 Yet still his soul pursued its quest.

And what of one who went away ?
 He laboured long and well,
 He added to his wealth each day,
 But there were none to tell
 Of aching heart and weary mind,
 Because of one he left behind.

Yet many envied him his wealth,
 And looked with longing eyes
 Into his face aglow with health,
 Then he, in pained surprise,
 Awoke to find his golden stores
 As keys to ope' forbidden doors.

But would not all. True happiness
 May not be bribed to dwell
 Where thoughts unholy, avarice
 And lust make earth a hell;
 God sent to one the things he sought,
 The other gave what ne'er was bought.

Thus turned the golden store to dross,
 And knowledge brought him pain;
 So, wishful to retrieve his loss,
 One turned him home again,
 The fruit received through fortune's wand—
 Say, Dead Sea apples—in his hand.

So he, one smiling autumn morn,
 Regained his home of youth,
 And found his friend, though old and worn,
 With eyes, still full of truth;
 When joining hands, one bent his head,
 I knew you would return, he said.

The one was blest with riches great,
 The other lived for love;
 Yet each, remembering his mate,
 Found God's vast Treasure Trove,—
 A never-failing storehouse full
 Of riches Incorruptible.

'Twas thus a life-work was begun,
 Since one could find no joys
 In country house and pheasant run,—
 Earth's baubles, glittering toys,
 Were they. The other shook his head,
 Depends upon their use, he said.

They came to God, with all their need,
 Found joy in doing good,
 By tender word, and loving deed
 Proclaimed love's brotherhood:
 Laboured—in love—at God's behest,
 And both were loved and both were blest.

A Memoir of Ruskin.

WINDS from the Sunny South
 Waft me across the wave ;
 A song, I may chant o'er a labourer's grave,
 Who laboured, for love of his Master, to save,
 By deed and word of mouth.
 Waft me a requiem, meet for the brave,
 Meet for a prophet gone to his rest,
 Who quickly obeyed his Master's behest.

Woodland trees, laden with dew,
 Weep as my song I sing,
 Let your tears fall on his bier, as they bring
 All that is left, when the soul on the wing
 Soars to its mansions new,
 To bask in the sunshine eternal of spring ;
 Sigh as ye mourn for the brave man and true,
 Who oft was inspired while musing with you.

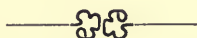
Still is that manly form,
 Silent the gentle voice,
 Which summoned the worldling to take his choice
 Of good or of evil ; and bade them rejoice,
 Who see in threat'ning storm,
 The flashes of fire and thunder's loud noise
 The hand of their Maker ; they only know God,
 The intricate ways of Faith's pathway have trod.

Sweet were the days he spent
 Walking the woodland way,
 Growing in grace and in glory each day,
 Exhorting the slothful, entreating the gay,
 With mind and heart intent
 On doing some good for his Master ; delay
 To his muses were fatal, the truth made him free,—
 That truth which the world is unwilling to see.

Firm as a rock he stood,
 Chose for defence a pen,
 Fought for the truth, who deceived him not, when
 Defending his honour he battled with men
 Who loved not the pure and good ;
 Steadfast, unyielding, withstood she the stem
 Of the flood, which threatened to whelm him in shame,
 Yet left him secure on the pinnacle of fame.

When on the heights he stood
 Ne'er did he stay his feet,
 Upward and onward, in labour sweet,
 Till the Father saw, from His heavenly seat,
 His handiwork was good;
 Thou soul, cried he, art for courts more meet,
 Come! the King in His glory is waiting for thee;
 Through sunshine and storm hast thou laboured for Me

'Twas thus he journeyed home.
 Like tired kine at e'en,
 Men sought for him, he was not seen,
 The fiery chariot had been,
 None heard the horses come,
 The shadowy vale lay dark between;
 Men wondered,—went their devious ways,—
 God's hero sang God's highest praise.



Innocence.

*LINES WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM
 AT THE AGE OF 18.*

MAIDEN, thou art young and free,
 All the world is fair to see,
 What then shall I say to thee?

Truth is looking from thine eyes,
 Treasure truth,—'twill make thee wise
 When the blue hath left life's skies.

Love and care hath been thy part,
 Bind thy loved ones to thy heart,
 Thou shalt ease life's pain and smart.

Thou art pure, aye, pure as He,
 Who atoned upon the tree,
 Ah! that we were all like thee.

Live, sweet maid, be true in mind,
 Thou the perfect rest shall find,
 Love shall teach thee to be kind.

A Study in Nature.

THE morn is fair,
 The sun sheds radiant beams o'er earth's fair shroud
 Of morning mists, and they, frail spirits, cowed
 By His bright glance, disperse upon the air.

The daisy wakes
 And finds within her humid eye a tear;
 Fair flower is she, the queen of all the year,
 Martyr, which Innocence unknowing makes,

Fond Nature's child,
 She gave to thee thy fill of manna's bliss,
 Imprinted on thy dewy face a kiss,
 Lending thine eye more beauty as she smiled.

She reigns above,
 In concord sweet with One supreme o'er all,
 God's handmaid. She who hastens at His call
 Love's summons to obey,—since God is Love.

She brings new life,
 And places it when winter storms are o'er,
 To nourish and regenerate what seemed before
 Had yielded to the elements in strife.

The trees are green,
 Their leaves expand in spring, in autumn fade
 And fall to earth; In other form portrayed
 In other life, shall their life yet be seen.

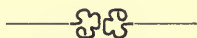
Ah! wondrous germ
 Of life immortal, herald of thy God,
 In flower, in tree, in man and verdant sod
 Thy power is found, the soul-life to affirm.

Naught ever dies,
 We live a while, then vanish out of sight,
 In higher state we live, in higher light,
 So life from glory unto glory flies.

All life is one,
 Alike in essence and in thought Divine,
 And holy virtues in our natures shine
 Which lead us daily nearer to the light.

Thus Nature shews
 To us, a feeble image of her Lord,
 The perfect life, a love by love adored,
 Whose life for evermore a purpose knows.

Oh! perfect height,
 When viewing Nature we are viewing Thee,
 Thine attributes reflected are in me,
 Thou in all good art found supreme in might.



In Memoriam.

*OF A DEAR FRIEND WHO DIED WHILE ON A VISIT
 TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.*

Sleep, noble brother, sleep,
 Low in thy narrow bed,
 There, bright the morning sunbeams peep
 While virgin trees there vigils keep,
 In silent sympathy, and weep
 O'er the lamented dead.

Rest, weary toiler, rest;
 Life's battle now is o'er,
 Steadfastly thou hast borne the test,
 Now thou hast entered thy well-earned rest;
 Happy art thou, I trust, and blest,
 Safe on that unknown shore.

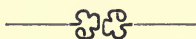
Bright be thy soul's abode,
 High in that heavenly dome;
 Rough was the path stern duty shewed,
 Rugged and narrow, a thorny road,
 God gave thee strength to bear the load,
 Guided thee safely home.

Green is the woodland way,
 Which thou hast often trod
 And walked with God, yet who shall say,
 The spirit hath left not this mortal clay?
 Burst from its bonds, and soared away,
 Back to its Maker, God.

Sees with the heavenly eyes,
 And thinks of the woodland dell,
 Still walks, in thought, in human guise
 Through sylvan glades 'neath cloudless skies,
 Makes for itself a paradise,
 Where God himself may dwell.

Hope whispers, God is just;
 Doubt questions, is there One;
 Faith gazes upward in holy trust,
 Higher than earth or its human dust,
 Crying, I see Him, I know, I trust!
 Doubt is dismayed, 'tis gone.

Soon will death's night be o'er,
 Shadows will flee away;
 Safe landed on that golden shore,
 Tossed by the tempests of earth no more,
 Clearly we see what was dark before,
 Night will be lost in day.



On "Little Things."

LITTLE words are soonest heard,
 Little memories cheer us,
 Little rills the ocean fills,
 Little acts endear us;
 Little sunbeams doing their part
 Make heaven's light the clearer,
 Little minds with actions kind
 Bring God's Heaven the nearer.

Little toys make happy boys,
 Little hands make money,
 Little smarts, unhappy hearts,
 Little bees make honey;
 Little girls with sunshine souls
 Make this earth the fairest,
 Little things are mighty springs,
 Oceans are the rarest.

Lines.

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND ON THE ATTAINMENT OF HIS
MAJORITY, AND SENT, ALONG WITH THE PRESENT
OF A GENTLEMAN'S SHAVING OUTFIT, BY
THE POET'S COMPANIONS.

You may read our poor effusion with a murmur of surprise,
And wonder who sent this for your perusal ;
But you'll gain no satisfaction though you hunt us to the skies,
You accept it, we will harbour no refusal.

We are bent on celebrating your attainment to the state
Of manhood, with a feeling of elation,
And trust that shortly you'll secure a petticoated mate,
'Tis a duty which you owe, friend, to the nation.

Statistics are informing us, if I remember right,
The fairer sex are far in the ascendant ;
So if you've no desire to be annihilated quite,
'Tis obvious you must have a girl attendant.

These amorous thoughts within our minds, we counted it a sin
Should we send no memento of the day, friend,
For as, unconsciously perhaps, you fondly stroke your chin,
You will hail this keen reminder as a godsend.

We know not what the future holds from heart and eye, O friend,
We trust that it will bring you joy and gladness ;
Should sad-eyed sorrow shade your path,—the darkest night
hath end,
Heaven's morn shall dawn, and banish all earth sadness.

But that your cup of joy be full, in measure rich and free,
That is our honest wish to-day, O brother ;
And if, in after years, life's sky obscured by clouds should be,
Press on and trust ; the rest leave to *Another*.

Congratulations.

*A PARAPHRASED COPY OF THE PRECEDING, WRITTEN
AS A CONGRATULATION ON THE OCCASION OF A
FRIEND'S MARRIAGE TO A "YORKSHIRE
LASSIE," IN 1904.*

WE'RE bent on celebratin' thine attainment to that state
O' weddin', wi' a feelin' ov elation,
An' trust 'at tha's secured thisel' a worthy Yorksher mate,
'Twer a duty 'at tha owed, frend, ta thi nation.

Statistics er informin' us, if aw remember reight,
At t' fairer sex cautnumber us bi t' duzzen,
Like me, tha finds noa fun i' watchin' human beins feight,
Theau lessened 'em,—an' sumb'dy lorst a cuzzen.*

We con tell thi nowt at t' future howlds fra' th' heart an' th'
eye, owd frend,
We hooap 'at it'll bring yo' mony a treasur';
What if Miss Fortun' shows her face? well t' darkest neet
mun end,
An' 't leet o' morn 'ull bring yo' added pleasure.

But, 'at thi cup o' joy be filled wi' measure rich an' free,
This is eaur honest wish fur thee an' t' other,
Tili all 'at's wrang be reighted, in t' gowlden deys ta be;
Press on an' trust,—but help thi strugglin' brother.

Then here's ta Joe, his wife 'an aw, we corn't say all we feel,
Ther wedded life shud be one trail o' glory,
If they get th' hauce we wish 'em neaw, they'll nivver want a
meal
Nor hearts to luv 'em when ther yeds grow hoary.

* cousin.

After the Visit.

TO L.E.W. AND H.A.B.

SHALL I e'er forget your visit ?
 Nay friends, ask me not, I feel,
 Speech and thought alike exquisite,
 Yet more words may not reveal
 Those deep feelings roused within me—
 Stores of thought and wealth and love—
 By your presence ; may they win me
 That deep peace for which I strove ;
 Ah, friends, my soul is longing for a glimpse of you again,
 And my thought is ever with you—since the parting by the train.

It was even you departed,
 It was even when you came ;
 When, to meet you, out I started,
 Breathed from out my lips your name,
 Then the rush of locomotive—
 Wildly panting,—straining brake,
 Thong and bustle, friends a-mingling,
 Soon an outstretched hand I take.
 Ah, friends, my soul is longing for a glimpse of you again,
 And my thought is ever with you—since we met beside the train.

Oh ! the joy, in days which followed,
 Walks and talks o'er moor and fell,
 Friendships formed—how deep and hallowed,
 Thought may not, words fail to tell ;
 When at morn the woods were heaving
 With the sound of music sweet,
 We, our couches swiftly leaving,
 Beauteous Nature went to greet,
 Ah, friends, my soul is longing for the time when we again
 Shall find in nature's storehouse links to bind fond friendship's
 chain.

She is no exacting teacher,
 Never "crams," though great her store ;
 We her ever-changing feature
 Watched, and noting, loved her more,
 Ne'er shall memory lose that vision
 Of the rapturous moments spent,
 Where, through nature's apt tuition,
 Heavenly thoughts to us were lent.
 Ah, friends, I'm longing for the time when we again shall stand,
 Where nature, God's Interpreter, hath waved her magic wand.

We have leaped the rocky reaches,
 Roamed through bracken, fern and flowers,
 Learned the lessons nature teaches
 In the hyacinthine bowers,
 Where we heard the cuckoo calling ;
 Listened to the sounding rill,
 Ever flowing, ever falling,
 Echoing from hill to hill
 Till earth, in seeming, faded, and we gazed with wondering eyes,
 Enraptured—on the glories of a new-found paradise.

Day by day we found our pleasure
 Where the bluebells were in bloom,
 And the memory still we treasure,
 Though the autumn comes with gloom ;
 For too soon the earth-cares called you
 From the country to the town,
 Nature's garden lay before you,
 One more fair you had not known.
 Ah, friends, my farewell words are sad, I think of you to-day
 And wonder,—shall we e'er again traverse that woodland way ?

What the future years are bringing,
 Naught of earth can ever know,
 Days, when we for joy are singing,
 Pass, give place to nights of woe,
 But, in after years, when feeling
 The refining touch of pain,
 May these words each deep wound healing,
 Serve to mind you once again
 Of that happy Eden-garden, where the singing rills still flow,
 That glad garden where we wandered in the days of long ago.

The Old Home.

TO THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

There is no home like the old home,
 No hearts that beat more true
 Than those, who in the former days
 Were swift to feel for you.
 Of the homes that knew their childhood,
 The poets have often sung,
 And I will love the old home, where
 I dwelt when I was young.

There are no folks like the old folks,
 No eyes my soul engage
 Like theirs, which once were bright with youth.
 And now are dimmed by age :
 That gentle voice had sweeter sound
 Than bells at an even rung,
 Which bade my trembling lips repeat
 The prayer I prayed when young.

There is no friend like the old friend,
 Who oft has stood the test,
 New friends soon come and sooner go,
 The old friend is the best.
 And though I'm far across the sea,
 My harp shall still be strung
 To the memory of the old friend
 And friendships formed when young.

There are no days like the old days,
 There's naught can please me more
 Than thinking o'er the happy times
 We spent in days of yore,
 No words can tell, no thought define
 The thrills of gladness wrung
 From out my heart, when living o'er
 The life I lived when young.

Ah, youth ! live in thy golden days,
 When life is full and free,
 And measures of true happiness
 Are sent by God to thee ;
 For God, true source of life and light,
 Is more than rank or gold,
 And hopes are vain, where love is not
 The keeper of the fold.



Third Part.



Promise Rainbows.

Written since the age of
20 years.



My Weaver Lass.

TO ONE WHO KNOWS.

HE'S coming to cheer,
 Her voice I can hear,
 Her form it is smoothly round,
 And her clogs so bright
 By the street lamp's light
 Make a merry clattering sound :
 With a smiling face
 Full of winning grace,
 A cheek and an eye that shine,
 She comes to meet me,
 My sweetheart is she,
 For I know that her heart is mine.

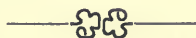
She's a Weaver Lass
 To the worldly mass,
 But to me she's a glorious queen,
 As she trips along
 With her smile and song,
 Unconscious that she is seen ;
 For no sloth is shewn
 Where my love is known,
 Nor can one bespoil her fame,
 For she holds herself
 From all wordly pelf,
 And boasts of an honoured name.

Her life is her creed,
 No greater you'll read,
 For she dwells on in power and state ;
 And a cottage wall
 Is her palace hall
 Her virtues—the household plate :
 She trips to the loom
 Through the morning gloom,
 And proudly her cheek will glow,
 As her heart keeps time
 To the measured rhyme
 Of the shuttle, flashed to and fro.

Oh, glad is our eye,—
 And need we ask why,—
 As we walk down the dim-lit lane ;
 Love lives on for aye,
 I will ne'er betray
 Her trust, for all else is vain
 In the world around,
 But few may be found
 To compare with my true heart's love,
 So our souls delight,
 As our troth we plight,
 While the stars peep out above.

The chaste moon in grace
 Is hiding her face
 As we pause, my love and I,
 As our bodies meet
 In embraces sweet,
 While time goes hurrying by ;
 An hour of the day
 With my lassie gay
 Is worth all the rest thrown in,
 And an even's sweet
 With a girl *petite*,
 Since naught is more sweet to win.

Content with my lot
 In a lowly cot,
 Ambition tempts me in vain ;
 For what profit's gold
 When the heart grows cold,
 And lives have been rent in twain ?
 When the mind beguiles
 And the summer smiles,
 The altar rails we shall pass,
 While heaven and earth
 Are telling her worth
 I'll wed, with my "Weaver Lass."



Wilt Thou ?

TO ONE WHO KNOWS.

AND wilt thou ne'er forget thy word,
 Say, wilt thou e'er be true ?
 And shall our love, tho' old in years,
 In thought be ever new.
 Tell me, shall love be still the voice,
 That gives assurance to thy choice ?

When trials come, and cruel taunts
 Are heard on every hand ;
 When lips speak falsely of thy love,
 Wilt thou be there and stand
 Unmoved ? while hate shall whisper low
 And truth shrink backward at the blow.

When cheeks grow pale and carking care
 Shall creep into our life,
 When tender thoughts, unheeded, are
 Forgotten 'mid the strife.
 Then pray for strength, and feel that right
 Shall gird us for the fiercest fight.

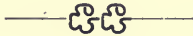
The world looks on, and scorns the true,
 Accepts the worthless dross ;
 Yet each hath felt that secret pain,
 And each hath borne a cross.
 Shall we e'er hide our cross away
 And be as false and cold as they ?

I know not what thy life has been,
 But feel that thou art true ;
 I know not what thine eyes have seen
 And would not that I knew ;
 Yet, love, I feel thou art mine all,
 Thine eyes express thy worth of soul.

Communion sweet my soul hath known
 With thee, O soul divine,
 I would thy life might ever prove
 The counterpart of mine.
 Forget not, friend, in fleshly strife
 The yearnings for that higher life.

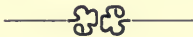
We find some ugly crosses set
 As hedges 'long life's road,
 One to a pure and perfect soul
 Once proved a bitter load,
 But He has conquered—in His strength
 The Homeland will be gained at length.

So cling to me for what I am,
 Nor think me that I seem ;
 With thee I trust to near the end,
 With thee to ford the stream.
 Assured of this,—our heaven to be,—
 That God lives on in thee and me.



To Tibbie.

GOD is high above, sister,
 Never cease to pray ;
 God is full of love, sister,
 Hears each word you say ;
 Bind your loved ones close, sister,
 Hide them in your heart ;
 Then, tho' changes come with years,
 We shall never part.
 Never mind the world, sister, God His watch is keeping,
 He can answer all your prayers, even while you're sleeping.



The Song of the Flowers.

IF our lives are short and sweet,
 Glory may be ours ;
 Should our lives be more prolonged,
 Sweeter are the flowers.
 Be our purpose high or low,
 If no soul our fragrance know,
 For His glory and our good
 God shall use our powers.

Dear Heart.

TO ONE WHO KNOWS.

IF thou canst trust me wholly,
 If thou dost know me true,
 Then let the memory of this walk,
 Refresh thee like the dew,
 And when the storm-clouds frown, dear heart,
 When shadows, cold and grey,
 Enwrap thee round, and chill thy soul,
 Think then of this fair day.

Sometimes the days are dark, dear,
 The earth's ties lose their hold,
 And e'en our nearest, dearest ones
 Grow wondrous, strangely cold,
 But flinch not, and hope on, dear heart,
 Though heads be worn and grey;
 The gloom of sorrow's night precedes
 Love's brightest, holiest ray.

Courage, dear heart! gaze upward,
 Learn thou what God can teach;
 The future days foreshadow pain,
 Yet hold some joy for each;
 The halo of uncertainty
 Clings round about us all,
 Time flickers shine and shadow through
 The windows of thy soul.

But love disperses soul-gloom,
 Illumines this fond breast,
 Thy holy light beguiles, dear heart,
 Fain I come in and rest:
 Thus draw me, nearer God and thee,
 Assured, as on we roam,
 As earth recedes and heaven appears,
 Our hearts abide at home.

Resignation.

WHEN thou art lost in contemplative dreams
 Of this world's fairest things,
 God silences thy noisy pleasure streams
 That thou mayest hear how sweet His angel sings.
 And if He place thee in a pit of sorrow
 He'll give thee grace to rise from thence to-morrow.

When Satan's darts are shattering thy soul
 And life's hard tasks are set,—
 When thou wouldst feel thy shackles from thee fall,
 When body fails, and couch with tears is wet.
 Look up! thine eyes may see the King of Glory,
 His angels bear to Him thy meanest story.

Think not that aught o'ercomes Omnipotence,
 The Father's eye ne'er sleeps,
 And over us,—so bound by time and sense—
 Unworthy children all, His watch he keeps.
 Friend, in thy Lord confide,—thy need confessing,—
 Who trusts in Providence will live on blessing.



My Creed.

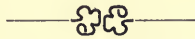
I LIVE for the Highest and best,
 For men who are noble and true,
 For souls who, in love, have been put to the test,
 For the strength we may ever renew;
 For robes which may glorified be
 And cleansed from impurity's stain.
 The God we adore
 Accomplishes more,
 Through the Christ from eternity slain,
 Than earth or than heaven may gain.

The Tempest of the Storm.

IN the stillness of the silence I would hear the voice of God,
I would welcome every thorny path by holy ancients trod,
For through the lightning luminous I view a heavenly form;
The quiet voice of Jesus calms the Tempest of the Storm.

Though clouds may often hide from me the beauty of God's face,
Yet, in the desert wilderness, His glory stream I trace,
The shadow-valley darkens and the earth lights all are dim,
When the music of His thunder tells me I am known of Him.

Life's sorrow-waves sweep o'er me, and my bark is poor and frail,
A heart leaps to the Infinite, pours out its woeful tale,
Soon passion's sea is quieted, its throbbing pulses cease,
And I find God's secret power in the Haven of His Peace.



Keep on Smiling.

TO A—— W——.

SOME faces are vinegar-washed, I am sure,
They're ever the picture of sorrow,
If you tell them the sunbeams are cheering to-day,
They answer, "They wont be to-morrow,"
But I'll just tell you how to give dull care the sack,
His ugly old visage beguiling,
When everything round you seems lonesome and black
Remember to keep on smiling.

If wee, troublous souls are placed under your care,
This advice you will ever find handy,
And the children around you will breathe in your joy,
Digesting it 'long with their candy.
All in vain are the achings of heart and of head,
In palace, in cot and in hireling,
For lives are e'er lonely and hopes are all dead
Because someone forgot to be smiling.

Contemplation.

A SEA-SHORE MONOLOGUE.

THOU evening wind, how deep thy sigh,
Dost sing some soul a lullaby
Of One who keeps His child from harm?

Thou ocean, roughly rude to me,
Transform thy moan to melody,
To weird, wild chant or rhythmic psalm.

Oh! why your power sad wind, strong wave,
Oh! why the hand stretched forth to save
If sigh but prove that psalm be vain?

Have these no message from afar
To souls, like ships by polar star
Led on, who sing through years of pain.

For ever glides the soul-song on,
We add our notes and all are gone
To join the heavenly minstrelsy.

Forever checking frowns and tears
Come whispers sweet, adown the years,
Of what has been—of what shall be,

When, guided by the song above,
Fair earth greets fairer heaven in love,
And we behold the purpose free,

In ocean, air, in moaning wind,
In lowliness true worth we find,
And find most in humanity.

The meaning of life is only to be found through the Giver of Life, Who directs all life toward the fulfilment of His precious purposes.

Love.

A CHILD'S QUESTION—A CHILD'S ANSWER.

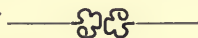
LOVE is a holy child growing apace,
Lose not his confidence by actions base
Lest he rebel and curse thee to thy face.

Love is a maiden, tender, kind and true,
Whose presence comes as a refreshing dew,
Whose kindly deeds are life to me and you.

Love is a treasured jewel hid with care,
But though the covering be foul or fair,
Some seeker will unearth that treasure rare.

Treasure affection's fruit, life's blushes they,
Tenderly reverence, lest they fade away,
Bearing thy little best to love's own day.

Cherish the heart that trusts to find thee brave,
Vanity chideth, love will ever save,
Sharing with hope the silence of the grave.



Hand-in-Hand.

- (1) **H**AND-IN-HAND we must always go,
Whether the waters be high or low,
Stemming the tide for the weary feet,
Guiding our steps where the waters meet,
Choosing our way where the waters rest.
Trustfully braving the ocean's crest,
Proving the promise so full, so wide,—
There shall be light at eventide.
- (2) Step by step up "Exertion Hill,"
Yielding our love and obedience still;
Clinging in faith to the "Arm of Might,"
Rising above the "City of Night,"
Resting awhile in the harbour, "Peace,"
Just that the pain and the striving may cease;
Then on the heights where the saints have trod,
Seeing our souls, in the eyes of God.

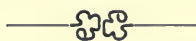
(1) A river the name of which no man knew. (2) The hill called "Difficulty."

Now, or Never?

Is there kindly deed to do,
 Do it now;
 Will your gift help one man through,
 Give it now;
 Think not what is going to be,
 Present life is full and free,
 Future you will never see,
 Live it now.

Is there battle you must win,
 Win it now;
 Satan's chain binds you to sin,
 Break it now;
 Fight, friend, if you would be free,
 Down, man, down upon your knee,
 If a Heaven you hope to see,
 See it now.

Crave a pardon from your Lord,
 Crave it now;
 Consolation's in His word,
 Find it now;
 Christ hath suffered on the tree,
 None can make you strong, but He,
 Give Him leave, and—don't you see—
 Do it now.



On Prayer.

PRAYER lifts earth up to heaven,
 Toys with the universe, the sufferer heals;
 Whoso may keep this angel near him feels
 Enraptured with the sense of sins forgiven,
 Becomes himself endowed with strength of seven:
 Prayer with the cripple creeps, runs in the race,
 And bears Her Master's impress on Her face.

A Night Vigil.

THE mountain stream—in tune
 With all—glides on to join the ocean wave,
 Sings to the silent moon,
 Sings o'er the lonely grave.

Pale moon, I see thee shine,
 The light majestic glows upon thy face,
 An empty triumph thine,
 Since all is borrowed grace.

Type of the world art thou,
 Luring her votaries to promised joys ;
 Daunted and weary, now,
 They spurn her gilded toys.

O, proud, rebellious world !
 My soul hath felt thy scorn and known thy ways,
 Lips in disdain have curled,
 That shaped themselves to praise.

Thine is the tired face,
 The vacant eye, and aching, loveless heart,
 Behind that costly lace
 The burning tear-drops start.

Thine is the empty mind,
 Thine the cold stare, expressive of disdain ;
 Nor can thy wisdom find
 A meaning in life's pain.

Cast off thy tinsel show,
 Our human bids humanity be true ;
 And thou ere long shalt know
 A love divinely new.

Eternal One, to Thee
 My heart goes out, in one mad cry of pain,
 Can earth be brought to see
 Life's meaning, clear and plain ?

O mystery of life !
 O, heart celestial, bearing our desire,
 To what purpose our strife ?
 The weary rounds which tire.

I wrestle with my soul,
 I listen in the quietude of night
 Full eager for the call,
 And nerved to hear aright.

The night is calm and still,
 No echoing voice reveals the haunt of Him
 Who shapes His path at will
 From chaos, dark or dim.

Yet there are lines of light,
 And promise stars look down to calm my soul,
 Reveal in each God's might,
 While each completes the whole.

Are all of earth asleep?
 Does fancy paint creative power so just
 That men forget to weep,
 And, in their silence, trust?

Then I, of all Love's works
 The least, am precious in Love's tender sight,
 Yet in my bosom lurks
 Disdain of love's own might.

Who art thou, puny man,
 That dares to tempt creative power and care?
 To rest, leave God to plan,
 Devote thyself to prayer.

Grey hill, so old and tall,
 Towering above me now in solemn state,
 Speak peace unto my soul
 And bid me work and wait.

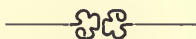
Bright stars, ye eyes of God,
 Piercing the darkest realm of nature's night,
 Endue this human clod
 With part of God's great might.

Fair cloud, in azure sky,
 Tranquil as ocean after night's mad storm,
 Tell of the death's we die
 To gain one perfect form.

Oh, mind, be calm and high,
 The peaks in view have scorned attainment long;
 Train well both heart and eye,
 That arm and brain wax strong.

To bear the weary load,
 To cheer the sufferer sad and soothe the pain
 In sorrow's dark abode,
 Thus we the heights attain.

Thus give me Lord to see
 Purpose in high and lowly work of Thine,
 That I, beholding Thee
 In all, find Life Divine.



Angel Voices.

SUGGESTED ON RIBER HILL.

HEARD ye the sound of the angel's wings as ye sat by the hearth's
 bright glow?
 The messengers of the Most High God, who e'er at His bidding go,
 If you listened, friends, you could hear their songs, borne on the
 murmuring air;
 And there's peaceful calm,
 Like Gilead's balm,
 In the message the angels bear.

Out there on the hilltop often I stray, when the mavis hath found
 her mate,
 And the sun, like a vast red ball of fire, glides through the golden
 gate,
 Which e'er at His stern command doth ope' at the fading of the
 light;
 Yet no sound is known,
 As His spacious throne
 He assigns to the Queen of Night.

Ah! the angels speak to my soul, dear friends, as I muse in the
 twilight grey,
 Full oft, when the evening lamps are lit, I find it so sweet to stay,
 Ribber's dark hill is a holy spot, and sacred is every sod;
 While the lights that glow
 In the Bank, you know,
 Seem to beckon me nearer God.

Would you care to know what the angels say? there, out from that
 lonely wood,
 They are wafting their holiest thoughts to me, and all that they say
 is good;
 They bid me look on the dazzling lights, across on those hillside
 slopes,
 Each thought is a prayer,
 And they whisper, there
 Lie some of thy holiest hopes.

They shew me a picture, a cottage home, a maiden, so purely sweet,
 That calm and quietude kneel with awe and reverence at her feet;
 Her week-day sermons grip you the most, her thoughts they
 inspire your soul,
 You look in her eyes,
 When the tempter tries,
 And Jesus remains her all.

They shew me a temple, quaint and plain, for holy men are there,
 Who grace the building with beauteous lives, for religion makes all
 men fair;
 I pause to study a rapturous face,—he tells of a Crucified Son,
 But my tear-drops fall,
 As I hear him call,
 And think of the jewels he's won.

'Twas there I was reconciled to my God, and found that He lived
 and moved,
 Experienced searchings of mind and soul, the spirit's high ministry
 proved,
 Pray, pray for the peace of that holy place, blest be each single
 stone;
 In heaven we'll know,
 What a heaven below
 Is found, where our God is known.

I listen again for the holy sound, and calm as an evening breeze,
 The voices come echoing back to me, and force me to my knees,
 Think not thy God has placed thee here to dream thy dreams and
 rest,
 Friend, no duty shirk,
 But go forth and work,
 Endeavour to do thy best.

Your sad world is filled with the poor and faint, who groan in their
 heavy pain,
 You must lift them up, the angels said, and win them their peace
 again,
 The voices ceased, and a plaintive wail was heard in the dreary
 wood ;

I rose from my knees,
 And to Him who sees,
 I vowed my vows—where I stood.

Oh, raise with me the standard of Christ and let us forsake it never,
 True 'tis a rough and a thorny way, but the angels are with us ever ;
 Shall our souls e'er tire or cease to inspire, with the angels
 watching o'er us,

No ! we'll rise and sing
 To our Saviour King,
 For He trod the way before us.

There are foes without, there are foes within, the heart is often
 ailing,

But the Master comes, and His words of cheer are tender, yet
 never-failing,

He speaks,—go on, and thy duty do, forget thy care and sorrow,
 Though the skies be grey,
 O'er the earth to-day,
 They shall glad thy heart to-morrow.

Oh, I would that all might hear the song, which the holy angels sing,
 A knowledge new to our wayward hearts would the chant eternal
 bring,

For angels are helping our work along, are doing their part above,
 And earth shall be free,
 From her misery,
 Through the Tale of God's Infinite Love.



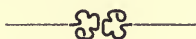
The Conquerors.

THE sun looked down,
 On the golden crown,
 Of a king both good and true;
 He shone his best,
 And the jewelled crest
 Was bright to the public view;
 They cheered and sang
 Till the echoes rang
 Far out o'er the ocean bay,
 Were borne by waves
 To the western caves
 Where the sun, in waiting, lay;
 He heard the sound
 Which was echoed round,
 The light of his eye grew dim,
 Full well he knew
 When a king was true
 The populace cheered not him.

The sun's red light
 Dispersing the night
 Gave life to the cold, dead world,
 He worked His will
 On valley and hill,
 While upward the smoke-wreaths curled,
 The earth was gay
 With the light of day,
 The birds trilled out their song
 Of heartfelt praise
 To the warming rays,
 Which cheered them the whole day long,
 The sun shone bright
 In the west that night,
 As if he had shared their glee,
 Then passed in state
 Through the golden gate
 And left them alone with me.

On Man.

U NOBLEST of the world's creation, thou,
 How hast thou fallen from thy high estate !
 Rise to the highest life within thee now,
 Turn to the greatest, ere it be too late,
 And lest thou stumble 'long the narrow way,
 Trust God for strength, He turneth night to day,
 One died to save thee from thyself and sin,
 O strive thy best Eternal Life to win.



A Fragment.

WRITTEN WHILE LISTENING TO THE RENDERING OF
 HANDEL'S "MESSIAH," DECEMBER, 1904.

THE angels bore to earth
 What earth ne'er held before,
 And life is ever noble,
 And death alarms no more ;
 All worlds are tinged with glory,
 Oppression's reign is o'er,
 For God elects to visit man.
 Sing angels ! oceans roar !
 Disperse, ye realms of darkness ;
 Ye valleys, shout and sing ;
 O seraphs, wake humanity
 To greet their coming King.

He comes, to bear your sorrows ;
 He rules, your Prince of Peace ;
 Life's storms are soothed to silence,
 The fettered find release ;
 Ye aged ones, ye weary,
 Turn from that dark abyss,
 Where mangled hopes and lost desire
 Forbids your fear to cease :
 Behold the cheering vision
 In robes of spotless white ;
 Comes Heaven to kiss her sister earth
 And shame the power of night.

Will they be ever silent,
 Has joy laid low the earth ;
 Awake, He comes to lift you ;
 Arise, He knows your worth ;
 Are men so lost to virtue,
 Are maids too proud for mirth
 That heaven's best must deign to meet
 The lowliest of earth ?
 Raise, raise your heavenly voices !
 Awake, O realm of sighs,
 Or shame your souls for evermore
 And flee before God's eyes.

.

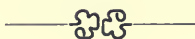
If a Heaven beyond the skies be a myth, then welcome a myth which brings Heaven to the hearts of men, causing us to catch the strains of celestial music, and hold them in our lives, to cheer our feet along the road of life.

.

If Christ be a myth, then banish all earth's transient gleams of glory, and let us sing with Handel but one moment,—Hallelujah ! before we fade into everlasting oblivion.

.

Behold ! I shew you a mystery ! A soul that once holds a vision of the Eternal in its life is Immortal, and were the powers of death and hell combined to crush its rising faith, 'twere death to death and Heaven through hell's destruction ; for Christ hath risen to highest life, and "life is Life for evermore."



- An Easter Thought.

CHRISt is risen, and the grave can hold no terrors for me now,
 Though a worm eat up my body, yet a crown shall deck my brow,
 And the sufferings, the ensnarements, the temptations of the earth
 Shall be only to refine me for the grand Eternal Birth ;
 When my bones to dust are crumbling, beneath the verdant sod,
 My soul shall rise triumphant to the resting place of God.

Remembrance.

*BEING A SERIES OF THOUGHTS SUGGESTED DURING A
TERM OF RESIDENCE AT RUSKIN HALL, OXFORD.*

THROUGH city streets I joy to roam
Beneath the vast cathedral dome ;
Then, tired out, to saunter home,
Leaving the throng behind :
Yes, city life is dear to me,
But when the murky Thames I see,
Fond fancy paints the Isis free,
There sweeter haunts I find.

Standing above one noble span
I sadly think how little man
Has power to thwart God's noblest plan
To make earth heaven or hell ;
In thought I leave the travails sore,
The city slums, the cries of "More,"
And seek the country's bounteous store,
That I her worth may tell.

Oh, frowning walls, Oh, slumland dim,
Think you it was the wish of Him—
Who framed His hand to form fair limb—
That life should stifle here ?
That some should dwell in homes of state
And have their portion with the great,
While these hoard up their wrongs and wait
The bombshell, or the bier.

I dream of men whom God made fair,
Of maids whose spirit knows no care,
And perfect face and figure bear,
That they the earth may bless ;
But one comes by, with poisoned breath,
Wielding a cruel rod termed Death,
He rivals Nero, shames Macbeth,
His name is Selfishness.

And high o'er all he takes his stand,
 And oftentimes lifts his heavy hand
 That his foul breath may spread the land
 And permeate all life,
 I gasp for breath, I cry for air,
 Like others, ask not for my share,
 Only that I may live and bear
 My burden in the strife.

Soul, fly away to purer scene,
 God hide my wings, that I unseen
 May fly and miss this Halloween,
 Nor view the witch's dance :
 For self now holds me if I rise,
 Thy gift may bear me to the skies
 For only thou canst make me wise
 And free me from this trance.

My cry has pierced the blue-scarred height,
 I mount, evade the vapour white ;
 That giant grim, in utter fright,
 Flees to escape my wings :
 God guides me past the waters grey,
 To where the silver wend their way,
 Where, in the lap of trusting May,
 Fair June her red rose flings.

Here happy hearts ignore the hours,
 And happier children chase the showers
 Of lilac, when those bridal bowers
 Let fall their wealth of bloom ;
 Here, when fair summer takes the veil,
 Comes bustling autumn, sad her wail ;
 Virginian creepers, thin and pale,
 Turn crimson in the gloom.

So when those blushing leaves in vain
 Would hide their head, the tender rain
 Carries, and cleansing them from stain
 Restores to Mother Earth ;
 Then hungry winter howls for fare,
 And Oxford streets and walls are bare,
 Yet everything seems noble there
 To one who knows true worth.

Stately halls the town possesses,
 Many the Bishop dowers or blesses ;
 I sojourn here where pretty dresses
 Are counted vanity :
 Here men are taught of sterling worth,
 How distant ages marked their birth
 And caused the freeborn sons of earth
 To be less wise than witty.

Is knowledge yet a dangerous thing ?
 'Twill make the heart for gladness ring,
 'Twill joy and calm to sad souls bring,
 And peace to burdened brain :
 A babe at birth, its growth is slow,
 Yet could the "learned professor" show
 How far a skylark soared, or know
 The height a child may gain ?

I know a holy man and true,
 Who aims to tell you something new,
 Yet though commanding not a few
 He never rules by fear ;
 He chides, O, yes, with chosen word,
 For when his tender voice is heard
 You feel the summer leaves are stirred,—
 He gained his knowledge here.

Grey city of a thousand spires
 From thee have come my best desires,
 Thy holy calm stills passion fires
 And bids me to be free.
 The secret sins that grieved me most,
 My deepest longings have I lost,
 Nor mourned their absence, since a host,
 Unfailing, rose in thee.

I stand where duke and prince have stood,
 Nor feel I need those ties of blood
 To make me noble, when a flood
 Of glory like to this
 Is tinging every bank of cloud
 With beam celestial : I were proud
 To hide my head within a shroud,
 That I had known such bliss.

I love thy tree-lined city street,
 Where budding life in concert greet
 Gay comrades, or sedately meet
 Their tutor's watchful eye ;
 O, radiant orbs, how swift your race,
 How pitiless the gorgon face,
 Which gazes on your stony grace,
 Nor heeds the choking sigh.

And this proud city, bathed in light,
 Appears to me a wondrous sight ;
 Would that your life shed beams as bright
 My student friends and foes ;
 The Broad Walk lingerers are gone,
 The Isis placidly glides on,
 On some the Light Divine hath shone,
 The Beam that inward grows.

The dear departing sunset ray
 Gives promise of a better day ;
 The star's shy offspring lose their way.
 And grace the lap of night.
 The lonely earth exerts her will,
 And as the moon o'ertops the hill,
 She wraps her mantle closer still,
 Her love brings warmth and light.

The years have come, the years have gone,
 On fair and foul God's sun hath shone ;
 As I beheld life's stream glide on
 Lessons great were taught me.
 We none can say our robes are white,
 Though at our best, we wish we might,
 And heaven can tender be this night,
 Remember how one sought thee.

There's nothing new under the sun,
 What moderns do ancients have done,
 Old tragedies prove a source of fun,
 Cowards still flee the wrong ;
 Now, silently, Old Time glides by
 And notes Earth's children as they lie,
 How fair their sleep, the night winds sigh,
 Times journey is so long.

The night winds stir the giant trees,
 The saint communes upon his knees;
 Sweet dreams are borne by murm'ring breeze
 To weary sons of toil:
 The city sleeps, nor "kens" the strife
 And all that throbbing, hidden life,
 Of student, friend, husband and wife,
 Has ceased its wild turmoil.

The very night appears to die,
 The fleecy clouds of state ride by,
 To vanish, science tells you why;
 The martyr's tomb is lone,—
 Points upward,—checks the impish leers
 Suggesting visions through my tears;
 To live, to die, with bold brave seers
 What rapture might be known.

I follow swiftly with the eye
 That pointing finger to the sky,
 Where, like a fairy lamp hung high
 In God's cathedral hall,
 The moon swings idly to the west
 Bearing my fancy-child to rest,
 For martyrs still must stand the test
 And go where God doth call,

Dear death! dost thou my soul aspire
 To pass through passion's searching fire?
 Rise, o'er the dross of base desire,
 Thy higher self to see.
 After the conflict and the smart,
 Discover that a better part
 At the great universe's heart
 Lies in reserve for thee.

O, heart of mine, the world was wild
 To greet the hardened prison-child,
 But when they met the Saviour mild,
 They cried, "Away with him;"
 'Twas then as now, we sacrifice
 The body of our Lord to *Vice*,
 And, lest our evil self entice,
 We tear the tortured limb.

Still on our sinful fancy roams,
 Nor waxes fat, when he becomes
 Enamoured of the beauty-homes,
 Where virtue wills to dwell:
 Baffled, he back again is brought,
 Would God that every evil thought
 Could so return and die—ah, naught
 Can die—yet all is well.

For Providence hath so ordained,
 That though, by evil, ground is gained
 And souls thereby are greatly pained,
 This is our King's decree:
 The soul that sinneth, it shall die:
 Destroys itself,—and all know why,—
 But goodness that can never die,
 'Twill grow and make men free.

The bell has tolled long hours ago,
 I linger, why I scarcely know,
 'Tis Sabbath morn, to prayers we go,
 Again will sound the bell.
 O, sexton death! shall I be whole
 When thou life's parting knell shalt toll?
 Ah, virtue finds full many a soul
 With weary tale to tell.

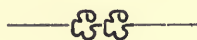
The darkness melts along the sky,
 And, through the clouds, a peeping eye
 Suggests the dawn, bids earth lay by
 Her mantle and prepare;
 She mourns no more, the night was long,
 The twittering birds burst into song,
 For now, majestic, radiant, strong,
 Earth views her lover fair.

Full soon their lips, in silence, meet,
 And now his swift embraces greet;
 He clasps her hands, he chafes her feet
 And murmurs at the cold.
 She, in full knowledge of his kiss,
 Lies limp and warm, in perfect bliss,
 A perfect lover's greeting this,
 And so, the tale is told.

Ah, joyous is the earth to-day,
 The morning sunbeams chase away
 The shadows dark, that erstwhile lay
 Upon the college ground ;
 The river sings a sabbath hymn,
 The lark vacates the forest dim
 And praises, naught obeys its whim ;
 God guides the world around.

Then sing aloud, O heart of mine,
 Let not thy Maker wait thy sign
 And signal; worship, He is thine,
 And He shall welcome thee.
 Away, ye problems of the hour,
 I feel that Christ, in all His power,
 Can give my spirit richest dower,
 Make thought with thought agree.

My comrades, on my Father's breast,
 The weary brain may end its quest,
 The weary world may find sweet rest,
 And care exchange for grace.
 In Christ, on whom our hopes devolve
 All problems of our time we solve,
 Whose grand ideal shall slow evolve
 From out the Human Race.



In the Statuary Room, Chatsworth, Derbyshire.

THERE is peace where the gods lie sleeping,
 There is rain when the gods are weeping,
 And not a soul can tell
 Where the fair celestials dwell
 Save One, who arose into heaven from hell,
 And watch over all His children is keeping.

Memories.

*A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE TO THE LIFE AND WORK OF
COUNCILLOR L. W. FOX, OF MATLOCK.*

Three weeks previous to his decease, the wife of Councillor Fox had laid one of the memorial stones in connection with the New Primitive Methodist Church at Starkholmes.

This imposing ceremony, coupled with the touching address which came from Mrs. Fox, moved Mr. Fox to tears. Turning to the author, he wrung his hand in welcome, and said, in deep emotion, "Isn't it grand to see this day." This was the last conversation the author had with his friend.

That the edifice may inspire lives as grand and imposing as the noble heart which inspired its erection is the Author's Prayer.

TRUMPHANT waved the flags
By Riber Height so fair.
The sun, so bright, caressed with light
A crowd of faces there.
They met, with one accord,
An edifice to raise,
Where God should dwell and voices swell
Their grateful songs of praise.

I saw in that glad crowd
One kindly, gracious form,
Whose sad, sweet face, refined by grace,
Foretold no rising storm.
And one, who graced her side,
Bent low, her words to hear,
Which cheered his soul, and lightened all,
Yet prompted many a tear.

Muse on that lofty brow
 Which speaks the loftier mind ;
 The warm hand-grip, the smiling lip,
 The thrilling tones behind.
 True nobleman was he ;
 More manly for those tears.
 His mind could rest—there stood his best,
 The monument of years.

Oh, Castle, grim and grey, .
 Why frown so o'er my head ?
 But three short weeks,
 Yet o'er those cheeks
 The hues of Death are spread.
 The founder weeps no more.
 *The master-mind leaves all—
 Earth music sad—for Heaven is glad,
 And swift the angel-call.

The earth with music heaves.
 Where soar thy praises now ?
 The cuckoo sings,
 The swallow wings
 Her flight. But where art thou ?
 Through Heaven's expanse of blue
 Shall souls appoint a way ?
 No ! on the Height, in purest white,
 Our brother reigns—for aye.

Say not our grief is vain,
 For crowns are hard to win.
 And saintly tears flow down the years
 To cleanse the sea of sin.
 He prayed for friends and foes,
 And these shall yet be free.
 In God's good time, a gift sublime
 His gem-starred crown shall be.

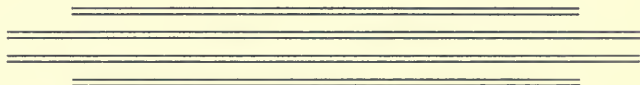
Thy work was nobly done,
 Comrade, most brave and true.
 Life's lesson learned, now rest, well earned,
 And homage too is due.
 Our hearts are yearning sore,
 Our eyes are strained and dry.
 Veil not Thy face, that we may trace
 Thy will, oh God most high.

* A reference to the master musician, Mozart.

Prayer ever finds a way.
 E'en as I watch and wait
 The thought divine communes with mine,
 And opes the pearly gate.
 My prayers ascend the throne,
 And oh, the change I see.
 They soar away on pinions gay,
 Rejoicing to be free.

Oh earth! the realm of sighs.
 Oh Starkholmes, leaderless!
 Tell out your woe, One bendeth low
 To hear, and He will bless.
 Our prayers—as swift and sure
 As angel-babes—shall rise.
 Messages sweet,
 Fond hearts to greet,
 Await you in the skies.

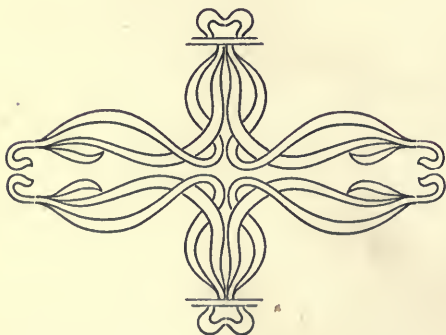
Our leader rests with God,
 God is too wise to err.
 Toll out, oh bell,
 For all is well,
 And earth—let earth inter.
 Vain is our pomp and pride,
 Fleeting all earth renown.
 Christian, be wise! Comrades, arise!
 We crave no starless crown.



L'Envoi.

I OPENED my book in the silence,
 The writing was laboured and blurred,
 The letters unsteady were failing,
 Like weaklings in want of a word:
 I found that my book was unfinished,
 Some pages were spotlessly white,
 But what I looked back on, in contrast,
 Suggested the blackness of night.

I looked o'er my life in the silence
 To learn me the lessons of years,
 But how like my book were its tracings,
 How marred by my failings and fears;
 Ah, so incomplete were those pages,—
 Nor could I complete them alone,—
 That I faced the dark future in gladness,
 To write there the best I had known.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

S R L F

SEE SPINE FOR BARCODE NUMBER



